



## Chapter 4 by SaintSayaka



I ponder what exactly my murder method will be as I stroll through the aisles of my local supermarket, looking for my weekly stock. It's October, and everything has some sort of pumpkin thrown into it - cookies, and teas, and the like. I don't mind. It just widens the amount of things I'm willing to eat.

Breaking into the president's home will be the real challenge, not the murder. He lives a simple life - that's all that they talk about on the commercials, how he lives in a regular flat and is pleased with living a life of simplicity, not like those *other businesses* - and I've already scouted the place out for myself. At least the commercial is right. He really does live simply.

What isn't simple, however, is his security system.

## Chapter 5 by Windlion



It took a bit of online research, a bit of reviewing building permit plans, and a bit of probing two or three of the engineers who installed the system. A remarkable and devious design!

Looking at the house from my scouting nest and guided by what I had learned, the clues were easy to see. All of the colors in the house and yard were soft shades of gray, green, and brown; anything of another shade would be identified and attacked by the security AI. A ninja dressed in monochrome black or white -- or even orange -- would immediately be gunned down from several angles.

How could I defeat this clever defense?

A farm truck rumbled by on the street below, and inspiration struck. I had my plan!

## Chapter 6 by Windlion



The smoke from Kawasaki's industrial district gave the sunrise an orange glow as the seven farm trucks rolled into town. Very auspicious.

Seven trucks became the  
names in the hands of the

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Fading in the first truck, the sun rose over the city, and the shadows receded. I approached the house with a sense of purpose, and the security system was no match for my approach.

"Here? But --"

"Here! Now!" and my blades were out to show him that I would brook no delay. He spun the wheel over and the truck crashed through the gate!

I reached over and spun the wheel hard to the right; the truck tilted to the left ... and the first load of pumpkins spilled across the courtyard, bouncing and drawing fire from automatic weapons of all kinds. The drivers of the remaining trucks that had turned in behind their leader frantically tried to avoid the carnage, and also sent their loads scattering across the yard.

The machine guns all suddenly went silent. The owner had shut them down!

*Arigatō, nōfu-san!* I crowed as I leaped out of the cab and raced around like a madman through the piles of pumpkin mush.

"What have you done to my crops?" I screamed, as I rolled in the mess, smearing pumpkin over my face and clutching my hair. Then I turned and stalked straight towards the squad of armed guards at the main door.

Behind them stood a disheveled old man wearing a threadbare yukata. Unfair! Where is the honor in dispatching someone who doesn't even shave?

## Write a draft for chapter 7 of 8 (1 draft)

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